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THE STORY TELLER.

[From Neal's Saturday Gazette.]

THE REMAPO PASS.  
A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY E. OAKES SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

"For that art freedom's now, and Fame's  
One of the few immortal names,  
That were not born to die!"—HALLER.

The summer of 1781 opened with a better prospect of success to the cause of human freedom, than even its most enthusiastic supporters had dared to anticipate. It was evident to all that the war, protracted to more than seven years, must soon be brought to close; that a handful of people, who had so long struggled and bled for their country, must soon cease from their toil, or lose the hope of emancipation, the cherished desire to become a nation; for cold, and hunger, and nakedness had dogged the footsteps of the war, and threatened to annihilate them altogether. We are called a brave people, where Fourth of July orations are one universal out-break of national emulation. Let it be so. We, who in our day of small things, when we were held in derision by our foes, and when we even to the truest and stoutest hearts amongst us, seemed but the forlorn hope in the vanguard of a disenthralled people—were, who then despaired not, and finally triumphed, have a right to glory in the past, a right to raise our shout of exultation in the length and breadth of our fair inheritance, that our children hearing, may learn to emulate the actions which have made us great as a people.

Thanks to the living God, that it was not amid the stunted and down-trodden nations of the old world, that we were called to achieve a nationality, else might the fate of France, of Poland, and of Greece, have been ours; made sanguinary by unaccustomed liberty, we might have rivalled the ferocious Parisian, or hemmed in by overwhelming powers, have been dis-membered and scattered; and be left to rot, what the torso of a Hercules is amid the feeble proportions of statury; or again, be suffered to exist only because helpless and protected.

No, the whole world had been verging to that point when a nation should be born in a day. Men from all parts of Europe, weary of feeling a wrong, or of appreciating a good, had sought a new portion of the great earth, where men of different features and un-contaminated soil were assigned to cast the human mind in a new and larger mould. Whether it was the love of philanthropy, commerce, or the more love of adventure—whatever the motive for going forth, they argued courage and individuality of character which must have left its impress upon the generation succeeding. From Maine to Georgia it was the same; Huguenot or Puritan, Cavalier or Banisher, each carried the seeds of a new order of things, each learned to spurn oppression as monstrous to the soul. The necessities of their condition had taught them self-reliance, had imparted a sturdy manliness able to stand for the right.

Now the battle-ery of Lexington had been echoed and re-echoed from North to South. Each and every State had been watered with the blood of the Patriot; sacred and holy were the drops which baptized the land to eternal freedom—the ashes of cities—little ones, it is true, but hereafter to shake the earth like Lebanon—the ashes of our towns and villages had ascended in the face of heaven to call down the day of retribution. A needy and ill-equipped, ill-disciplined army, an army of boys, indeed—for it is well known that every true patriot sent forth his household cheerfully to the contest, and striplings of sixteen and eighteen crowded the ranks—had made themselves heard in many a hard-contested field. Bunker Hill and Bennington, Saratoga, Trenton and Camden, were but the higher point in the mounds of our battle-fields, and now it remained to strike the final blow which should decide at once the fate of the country.

It was evident that whatever might be the result, the feelings of our people had been to fully outraged for anything like sympathy to exist between us and our oppressors. We must be, and entirely separated from them as a government, or be reduced to that unnatural compliance enforced by power over unwilling minds, which, covering the rankling and mouldering elements of revenge, are liable at any moment to break forth, or if subdued, having the effect to harden and brutalize the national character.

The campaign of the Southern army under Cornwallis, the capture of a fine old Indian town, and should be the Remap Pass, being in the vicinity, tell us the old tale of the Remap Pass, through which flowed the stream of the Remap Pass, was an old story called by the Dutch settlers, the "Remap Pass."

Greene, had been, on the whole, favorable to our cause, and though Fabian in the greater part of its movements, had not failed to give evidence of power. The allied French forces were ready to co-operate wherever the wisdom of Washington should direct; and it remained for him to decide whether his movements should threaten Sir Henry Clinton in his position at New York, or be directed against the vaunting Cornwallis, who had stationed himself at the two points of Yorktown and Gloucester. The stress of the times, the evident crisis of events, which now became apparent, rendered the greatest circumspection requisite; as the least false step might plunge the army into disaster and ruin. It was a period of terrible and intense anxiety; on its issue depended the fate of the country, and the hopes of the patriot. The skillful management of events should prove whether the past had been the disorderly, accidental movements of a restless and turbulent class of men, opposed to the wholesome discipline of government, or had been the wise, concentrated and resolute action of a people, determined at all hazards to hold fast to the prerogatives of freedom.

The calm mind of Washington took in all with its rare comprehensiveness, and came to results at once wise and for the general good. Hitherto, his movements had been such as to lead Sir Henry Clinton to suppose that New York would be the unquestioned point of attack; and the impression had been given to our own army, so that the taking of New York had become the familiar gossip of the camp. It had been thus determined by a council of officers; but the subsequent reinforcement of the English army at the above named place, together with certain operations of the French fleet, had introduced a new feature, and led to a change of measures, a change known only to the few, and studiously concealed from the army at large.

CHAPTER II.

For here amid these words did he keep court,  
Before whose mighty soul the common crowd  
Of heroes, who alone for Fame have fought,  
As like the patriarch's slaves to heaven's chosen  
He, who his country's eagle taught to soar,  
And freed those stars, which shine on every shore.  
HOFMANN.

Anxious as was the period of which we are treating, it was, as we have said, one full of hope. The revolt of the Pennsylvania militia at Morristown, and the subsequent mutinous rising of the Jersey corps, while they for a moment spread dismay through the country and increased the already overwhelming burdens of the Commander-in-Chief, had yet a bright side, and served to develop into stronger light the noble materials of which the army was made. Though important with the most flattering offers of pardon and emolument from the British, their liberty and exemption from military service fully guaranteed, they not only rejected such proposals, but delivered the emissaries of Sir Henry Clinton up to the Commander to be dealt with according to the usages of the war. They loved the cause and the country none the less, but goaded by suffering, had resolved to start Congress from its lukewarmness in regard to them.

Severe as was the crisis to the country at large, the individual trial was most heavily felt by Washington himself. He saw that another such winter would sink the hopes of the country. Added to these emergencies the aid of the French naval power had been far from efficient or satisfactory. There certainly had been too much disposition for independent action; a latent feeling of vanity prompting to single trials of prowess between English and French arms, rather than combined and concentrated co-operation with the tactics of our army. Washington felt all this, and by the most strenuous efforts, and the most skillful reasoning, counteracted the evil. He labored day and night, vigilant for every department of interest, and sustaining a correspondence wonderful alike for its voluminousness and ability.

He had now conceived a plan of operations remarkable for boldness and completeness, the features of which demanded the utmost powers of concealment on the part of all entrusted with the details; a concealment so well sustained that to this day the whole matter is half shrouded in mystery, and now that we are able to look back to its entire success, we are compelled to regard the whole as superhuman; that something beyond mere human skill and forethought were requisite to bring about measures embracing so contingencies, the favorable action of so many agencies considered fortuitous, and the exact subordination of so many parts to the whole—such were certainly the features of the remarkable events preceding the attack of the allied armies upon the encampment of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

At this time Washington and his staff occupied a low stone building in the village of Newburgh, a spot venerated yet as the headquarters of Washington. A place so sacred should be the Mecca of the region, where young and old should repair to reillumine the ashes of patriotism or to enkindle its fire. Here, before a plain walnut table covered with diagrams and dispatches, sat the Commander-in-Chief late at night, musing the plans of the coming eventual campaign. Absorbed and anxious as he was, there was a singular repose upon the five features as they were bent over his task. An iron lamp suspended from the ceiling cast the light upon the top of the head, revealing its most classical

and harmonious proportions, the hair slightly thinned about the temples, and streaked with touches of frost. As the light stole downward, leaving a halo upon the sunken and contracted noble brow, it shrouded to the thoughtful depth of the clear, almost melancholy eye and left the strongly compressed lips nearly in shadow. As he perused a paper, his hand instinctively grasped his chin, not with a philosophic touch as we see in the pictures of the great, but with a firm grasp, the fingers spread upon the side of the cheek and throat, an attitude which indicated, not only a firmness of general character, but a concentration of purpose for the present contingency.

He had just received dispatches from General Lee, by the way of Morristown, where a portion of the northern army was located, by which he learned that Sir Henry Clinton, anticipating an attack of the allied armies upon the city of New York, had withdrawn a part of the forces of Cornwallis at Yorktown—this, too, at a time when the army of General Greene was making its way to the north. Washington saw at once the importance of a change of operations. The American troops, suffering and enfeebled, were ill able to compete with a superior and high spirited foe, and it became doubly a measure not only of feeling but humanity, to spare them the hazards of loss as well as defeat. Every man was needed to the country, and every moment important in the cause.

He resolved at once to concentrate all the force of the allied armies against Cornwallis, leaving Sir Henry Clinton unmolested in the city of New York, conceiving that a bold and successful campaign in Virginia, would decide the fate of the war, with less waste of blood, and less hazard to the cause than an attack against Sir Henry. In order to do this it was essential to leave the impression still upon the mind of the mind of the latter, that the movements of the army were designed against himself. He was now busy in preparing dispatches to the various points of the American army, demanding their co-operation, as also to the commander of the French Fleet, directing him to repair to the Chesapeake.

The inmates of the house were buried in slumber, except the personal friend and aid of Washington, the accomplished Hamilton, who walked back and forth upon the piazza, waiting till the labors of the great man should cease. As he thus moved, occasionally immersing into the moonlight, and looking out upon the broad waters of the Hudson heaving up silver vapors to the night, he looked less like the counsellor of a statesman and soldier, than a young cavalier whose gallant bearing betrayed the dreams of ambition, and whose silken curls and intellectual hair, told that whether in lady's bower or tented field, or stirring forum, the proudest of those dreams might well be realized.

A slight signal from within called him to the side of the Commander-in-Chief.

"Hamilton, I see nothing wrong, to our entire success but one further step is required, the withdrawal of Clinton, and the concentration of the army at Yorktown."

"True," returned the young man, "but we never will do this."

"That is the point. Can we not do one thing or another?"

Hamilton shrugged his shoulders. "We have, truly, in abundance, dear General—but a solitary man to risk the certain hazard of a score of battles requires peculiar mettle."

Washington's hand had been for some moments pressed over his lips so that the expression there could not be detected; but the fine open countenance of Hamilton betrayed a pang, which might have been a foretaste of his subsequent doom. He leaned his head upon the table and sinking his forehead into the palm of his hand, both were a moment silent.

"It must be done, Hamilton," said Washington in a low voice.

"I have been thinking of one, a noble fellow, crossed in love, too, which will make him indifferent to the future, at least for a while. It is necessary to tell him more than that he is to take papers a certain route, to a certain destination."

This time Washington's features contracted sharply, and his face assumed that rigid aspect we so often see in drawings of him.

"It is the necessity of war, Hamilton; every man must take his life in his hands in times like these."

CHAPTER III.  
Yet nerve thy spirit for the proof,  
And blanch not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid good may stand aloof—  
The sage may frown—yet faint thou not.

Truth, replied to earth, shall rise again;  
The great Creator of God are here;  
The Earth, woman, writhes in pain,  
And dies to give his worshippers—BRYANT.

A short time passed before the young man into the presence of Washington. He was a mere youth, with an oval face, as yet ungraced by a beard, and brown wavy hair clustering abundantly about his high, but somewhat narrow forehead. Brows as fairly defined as those of a girl overlooked a full grey eye, which appeared black in the shadow of his long curved lashes. A nose slightly aquiline gave an appearance of spirit to a face which otherwise might have seemed too gentle—he was tall and lightly made, with an air at once proud, yet respectable.

Washington regarded the youth with an evident look of surprised admiration, and then glanced almost reproachfully at Hamilton, as if he would say "the sacrifice is too great." It may be that the shadow of the unfortunate Andre, so justly, but painfully doomed, flitted before his mind's eye—whatever it might have been, he stayed to affix his signature to a document, which he did, and then pushed the paper aside. Looking steadfastly in the face of the youth, he began—

"It is no ordinary man that must serve on this occasion. You remember the devotion of Sergeant Clump?"

Blanch started with something like impatience, and answered with a boldness and promptitude which carried its own charm.

"General, we all love and reverence you—there is not one in the ranks who is ready to lay down his life first for his country, next for your excellency—but to save time, I must declare, I for one can go on no service that will cast a stain upon my good name."

Washington now gave a gesture of impatience. "Young man—I honor your sentiments. In ordinary times they are all that is essential—but now we need men who can forget all—forget kindred and friends, for country."

Turning to Hamilton he continued, "Time wears—can you divine nothing further?" Hamilton touched the shoulder of Blanch, and they turned to the window, while Washington followed them with his eyes, his face assuming an expression of intense melancholy—both were eminently beautiful—both in the flush of youth, and as they stood in the pale light of the moon, there was something still and unearthly in their sharp outlines, as if "coming events cast their shadows before" and invested each with a strange interest.

Hamilton would have spoken—but Blanch leaned his shoulder against the window frame, and with a faint smile broke the silence—

"Say nothing, my friend. Washington has made the only available plan. Let me have ten minutes, and I will tell you when they are past."

When the time expired, he showed his arms around the door, and said, "God bless you, Blanch."

The young man stepped out upon the piazza, where, leaning his back to the wall, he firmly clasped his arms to his breast, and his eyes peered into the distance without being fixed by any one object. It would be difficult to follow the train of thought as images after images arose to his mind. The gesture of Hamilton had disposed him to a degree of tenderness, and the first flushings of emotion went forth to his mistress. True, she was capricious, scornful and petulant, but when did ever love ask counsel of wisdom? Many were the discreet, comely, appreciating maidens of the neighborhood, but they lacked the undefined graces of Katrina Mercier, who queened it over her admirers with an easy assurance that kept up a perpetual rivalry amongst the youth of the village. Notwithstanding this, she honored Wendell Blanch with such an exuberance of friendliness, wit, and smiles, that all regarded him as the favored lover.

"True, that very day she had spoken scornfully, even harshly, if a voice so sweet and lips so fair could be thus disposed. She had stigmatized the cause so dear to the heart of Blanch as 'rebellious, treasonable and insane'—more than this; they, the supporters thereof, they, the half-clad and half-starving army, who had left the peace and the comforts of home, to march and counter march before a nobly equipped foe, to watch and fight and die—aye, die and be forgotten, leaving only the result of the conflict to brighten the hereafter—men like these Katrina had stigmatized as a 'ridiculous rabble,' a 'host of ragamuffins,' who must soon grace the gibbet in return for their folly."

Blanch thought of these things bitterly—and his love waned as he recalled the scornful curve of her pretty lip, and the flashing of her bright eyes coupled with words like these. He remembered that she had intimated that more than one British officer, (who had found the way to the house of her Tory father) had spoken of himself with approval, and that wealth and promotion might both be his by a change of service. He felt no temptation here, rather a bitter scorn for himself, that anything should look about him, by which another should dare couple with him so

base a thought. No, insignificant as he might be, he was all freedom's; doubly so when peril and shame were heaped upon her cause—doubly so when his own hopes were baffled.

Then appeared the image of Katrina, as she had sometimes appeared, gentle, winning, and most womanly, and his mood softened. "She is worth the winning," he said to himself, "but I must not through her learn to despise myself."

Suddenly the thought of his mission, flashed like a pang through his nerves. He was as yet unaware of its precise import—he had only learned that some one superior to the ordinary soldier was necessary to sacrifice somewhat for the public good. Then came the images of Nathan Hale, of Hayne, of Andre, and others whose deaths had been such that the mothers that bore them might well shrink again, as if the shame of the mode might leave its blighted shame with their memories. True, these were ennobled by the act which cast a temporary degradation about them—the fatal tree was to them the cross, by which they had elevated the sentiment of patriotism to a sublimity second only to the greater one of religion—yet there stood the martyr men before him—scolded, dishonored, helpless, strong only for the land to which each owed his allegiance.

A cold sweat started to his pores, and his arms fell to his side at the greatness of the sacrifice, nor was he even aware how the kindling embers of love of country were burning within him as these terrible images floated before him. Had not a price been set upon the head of Washington himself? Did not all the leaders of the Revolution act with this terrible alternative before them? Capture or defeat, the failure of the cause, and the stout men who made up the Congress of the people—Washington himself, the great, the revered—would each and all hang from the gallows tree, as the bones of Coligny, Cromwell, and others of the truly great have done before them, making that hallowed which was designed for a type of shame.

As thus he stood, he was roused by the exclamation of Hamilton, who had approached unperceived; "My God, this must not be," escaped from his lips, as he marked the deadly paleness of his friend.

Blanch was instantly aroused, "I have decided," he said, laying his hand in that of Hamilton, and they entered the presence of Washington. Here each seated himself silently before the table. At length Blanch broke the silence by saying, "I am ready for whatever you require."

"To-morrow," replied Washington, and his voice, though even in its firm tones, had a touch of huskiness unwonted to him, "I shall have a series of papers in readiness, which I desire to transmit to General Lee, by the way of Morristown." Blanch looked up with a smile of surprise, as if the torturing ordeal which he had just passed in his own mind, had been a weak and childish waste of power, and he simply asked,

"Am I to know the nature of these dispatches?"

Washington's eyes were fixed upon the papers before him, as he replied, "They contain details respecting the anticipated attack of the allied armies upon the City of New York."

Blanch threw himself back in his chair with the air of one overwhelmed with intense self-doubt, and which for the moment bore down all other considerations.

"This is a mere boy's task, your excellency, I had foolishly nerved myself for a great sacrifice."

"You will secure the papers carefully about your person, descend the Hudson in the rear of the mountains; leaving them upon your back; you will follow the gorge of the Highlands, through the Cleave of the Remap, ordering your time so that you will do this before day-break."

While Washington spoke this slowly and distinctly, Blanch arose to his feet, amazed at what he heard.

"The Pass is in the hands of the enemy," he at length ejaculated.

Washington had resumed his pen, and seemed unconscious of the presence of the speaker, while Blanch stood as if plunged in reverie, with his eyes fixed upon the un-hanging aspect of Washington; but no vague and dreamy reverie wasted the faculties of Wendell Blanch, as he thus stood; they were all keenly alive in discharging the maze of thought spread out before him. Strange and bewildering surmises crowded upon him, as to the motives of the Commander-in-Chief. What could they be? Was he the noble—the true—the devoted, after all?

No—no—the ingenious blith of youth manifolded his cheek as the startling and unworthy thought darted across his mind; yet why expose his measures to the sure hazard of being known to the foe? The route prescribed was unusual, circuitous, and the Pass of the Remap in the hands of the enemy. Why not take the back road further to the North, which had been constructed expressly for the use of the troops, in order to keep the communication open between West Point and the Jerseys? Unable to solve the enigma, he was still resolved to act. At length a bright flash cast itself over his face, and a sad smile played with it as it broke the painful silence.

"I must double the ramparts of the enemy,

take any quantity of winged lead, and be deprived of my papers."

Washington raised his head impatiently, and answered in a deep, stern voice, "Young man your duty is to act in obedience to orders, not to talk."

"Blanch bowed, but turning to Hamilton, he said,

"I shall be accounted a miserable dupe, a braggart fool; be it so, one might choose a more chivalric and better understood aspect of adventure, but it is a trifle to be ridiculous for the public good."

The bitterness of this trifling struck to the heart of Hamilton, and he ventured a few low words to the Commander-in-Chief; but whatever might have been his suggestion, Washington shook his head, and continued bent over his papers in a manner that showed, however much he might rely upon the readiness and breadth of apprehension of his young friend in ordinary cases, where an emergency demanded simply firmness of purpose, involving few conflicting elements, he relied solely upon his own judgment. Waving his hand in a manner that showed the conference was, for the present, at an end, he sat absorbed in his great plans, long after those who had obeyed his counsel had retired.

CHAPTER IV.

Love peeps into the warrior's heart,  
From the tip of a stooping plume,  
And the serried spears, and the merry men,  
May not deny him room;  
He'll come to his tent in the weary of night,  
And be busy with his dream,  
And he'll float to his eye in the morning light,  
Like a fly on a silver beam.—N. F. WILKS.

It was yet the gray of the morning, when Wendell Blanch opened his mother's door, to say a few words of greeting before he should start upon his mission. Early as it was, for it was scarcely four, the matron was already up, looking "to the ways of her household." There was something extremely touching in the demeanor of the dames of the Revolutionary times. A sober earnestness which imparted a dignity and appropriateness to all their movements. Dame Blanch was as yet young and unchanged by time; but devoted and happy in her domestic relations. No jurlings of vanity divided her singleness of duty, and love of gossip interfered with the well ordering of her peaceful household. As yet the children of the region had grown up with an instinctive perception of the harmonies of life, the excessive training of our modern times being as yet unknown; they were obedient and orderly, pious and brave, because such was the atmosphere they breathed, and such the nutriment at their mother's breast, but the how and the wherefore were questions as unnecessary as they were unheard of.

Among these children of Dame Blanch stood pre-eminent for neatness and good behavior. The clear eyes of the mother were alive with affectionate interest in all their childish movements, and her own staid, gentle demeanor infused an unflinching element of harmony. Tall and slender, her habitual attention to the wants of those about her, had given a slight stoop to her shoulders, not unbecoming, while the motions of her hands were of that wavy, directing kind, which we sometimes see in old paintings, and which springs naturally from the habits of authority gently exercised.

She stood now in her loose morning robe, just within the hall, and her maidens were passing back and forth taking the necessary orders for household labor. Pans and milk pails glanced by, intermingled with the swing of short petticoats, and the liberal gleams of tidy ankles. A pretty Dutch damsel, with a smart foot and coquettish bonnet, was counting out skeins of linen for the loom, which hung partly upon hers, and partly upon the arms of Dame Blanch. The mother welcomed her son with a bright, open glance, then with more speed than heretofore, she counted the remaining skeins, and gave them into the hands of the pretty Gertrude, who dropped a courtesy, which threw the brief skirt into some action, and then disappeared. Mother and son now entered the room together.

"I have come, dear mother," began the youth, only to say good morning. "I must, within an hour, be on my way to Morristown carrying dispatches for the Commander-in-Chief!" The mother laid her hand tenderly upon this shoulder of her son and was silent.

"I may be gone a few days, and I may not return till the movements of the army decide upon further measures," continued the youth.

"That is, my son, till some decisive battle shall determine the fate of the country," returned the mother.

Blanch's silence gave the assent, and she laid her hand upon the shoulder of her child. Blanch felt her trembling pulsations, and that slight as was the external manifestation, it told of deep and intense anguish. She at length raised her head.

"I am proud, Wendell, of the favor shown you by the good General, but in order to merit it do not risk too much a life as—"

Her voice ceased, and the sentence remained incomplete, but the young man knew what was meant by the tears that fell upon his shoulder, and which the thin dress of the season rendered palpable.

"Country and friends, dear mother," returned Blanch, after a pause; "I feel as if all that I



can do, to yield my life even, were nothing to honor the one and prove my worthiness of the other.

A warm pressure of the mother's arms was the only response. At this moment the horse of Wendell was brought to the door, and she lifted her head.

'Go, my son, and God be with you,' she whispered, not daring to trust herself with another look at his face.

Blanch was soon in the saddle, but as he turned away from the house, his horse stumbled. 'Lord a mercy, mass, don't you go,' cried Jake the black attendant. 'The horse feel ill-luck, oh, gorry, massa, wait,' and running on before, the good fellow went through a variety of gesticulations designed to avert any evil influence that might be in reserve. Gaily waving his hand, and waving kisses to the little ones whose heads now appeared at the various dormer windows, and whose little voices called him to return, he rode away. Passing down the principal street, it was natural that he should glance at the windows of old De Witt as he went by. To his surprise Miss Katrina was leaning from her chamber lattice, humming a gay air, as if all the world were as merry as herself.

Blanch inclined himself from his saddle, and was about to pass on, when she accosted him.

'How far do you ride, Mr. Blanch, so bright and early? Wait a bit, and I will have my pony and try to race with you.'

Before he had time to reply, she darted away and in a moment more was standing under the stony, her light flaxen curls tossed by the fresh morning air, and her cheek, into which the color of the peach glowed and now flushed by coquetry, or it might have been a deeper feeling, the hue invaded for a moment brow and neck.

'I fear I cannot share your race this morning,' said Blanch. 'I am ordered upon service which admits of no delay.'

'And pray where do you go, Mr. Blanch, that you claim the right of incivility to a lady?'

'Pardon me, Miss De Witt, my time is not my own now—it is pledged to the service of my country; but at some future day, may I not claim the promise of a morning ride with you?'

The maiden slightly elevated her eyebrows, and tapped her foot lightly upon the step, as she replied—

'In good faith Mr. Wendell, I never know any thing beyond the present moment, which I find abundantly pleasant. There was a roguish smile mingling with these words which induced the young man to dismount, and more than this, to take the hand of the little lady which he carried to his lips.

'Well and where do you carry that fine horse of yours, good hunter, noble hunter,' she lavished endearments upon the horse as if to provoke the spleen of its master. 'New don't take him down to camp,' she laughed, her silvery accent assuming a nasal twang, a species of mimicking which could sit well only upon a pretty woman. Even this twang upon the ears of her lover who turned almost colorless away.

'I must not wait here, Miss Katrina, however pleasant it may be. But Miss De Witt, I must say, I could wish—oh, how earnestly, the resumed in a warmer tone, 'that our cause were as dear to your heart as it is to mine. You do not you can not know the nobleness of the men who are struggling to make our country free. You know not the blood, the sacrifice—God forbid that you should know! but the time will come when it will be known, and then these men will seem little else than demigods.'

Katrina looked up into his face so admiringly, even tenderly, with trembling lip, that had not the youth been filled with the magnitude of the sentiment which now absorbed him, he would have spoken more tenderly, and more in reference to his fair listener. The maiden felt piqued and tapping her toe again upon the sill, she responded in a gay voice—

'Truth! Mr. Blanch—honor bright, I did not think you had been so eloquent. Did I not regard loyalty as the jewel of virtues, one indeed which holds all others in harmony, you might convert me to your new system of doctrines.'

'I know what you would imply, dear Katrina; this time the girl laid her hand upon the riding whip in the hands of her lover, and kept her lips bent downward—I know you would say that he who is disloyal to king may be disloyal to love, is it not so?'

Katrina looked up with her arched smile—'I cannot make speeches and commentaries both; but, truth to say, we were so content and secure before this terrible war, and the English officers so courteous, that really I see no good in killing them.'

Blanch laughed heartily at the simplicity of this pretty speech, from pretty lips, and then said—

'Aye, if that is all, Katrina, we won't quarrel. But now I know not when we shall meet again. Perhaps not till the fate of the country is decided.'

A slight shade passed over the face of Katrina, which she chased away with her usual coquetry—and she enquired—

'Well, and where do all these gallant hot-potatoes charge?—and she hummed in an under tone, the words of Yankee Doodle—

'Father and I went down to the camp.'

Blanch recoiled with real bitterness, and placed one foot in the stirrup—

'Miss De Witt, God forbid that I should cross your track in the least. There is not—there can be no sympathy between us.'

Katrina's fair brow reddened, and she even bit her lip—but the tears rushed to her eyes a moment after.

'Wendell, I dare say you are right. My sentiment of loyalty is as strong as yours that you call patriotism. I like not this facility of change.'

Blanch would have replied—he would have answered to the tears rather than the words of Katrina—but at this moment the rough hand

of old De Witt was laid upon her shoulder, who drew her into the house, pouring out at the same time a mixture of Dutch, French and English invective against herself and the 'rebel young rebel' as he was wont to call Blanch.

Right glad was Wendell thus to have escaped the scrutiny of both mother and mistress, in regard to his destined mission. Neither had conceived of the peril he was about to encounter, and now that nothing lay before him but his duty to his country, he rode on with freer heart, losing his individual importance in the magnitude of the cause. Then he remembered the contempt of Katrina for this very cause, and again he felt himself a freer and stronger man as he said to himself—

'Every thing is contemptible—every thing in life, in times like these, except the hopes of the free man. I will forget her, as I do myself. Then the tear of Katrina glistened before his mind's eye, and he put spurs to his horse that he might waste the undue sensibility which it engendered by action. Wheeling his horse round an angle of a street he gave one last glance to the windows of old De Witt—there was the gleam of a white handkerchief from the window—the young man paused an instant, waved his hand in the air, and then passed on, ready to meet peril—it might be death.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

#### FURTHER EXTRACTS FROM FOREIGN NEWS-PAPERS.

From the London Times.

LONDON, Dec. 25.—There is something quite sublime in the spectacle presented by our consuls at New York. It seldom that we find the flash of the conqueror and the gravity of the sage so gracefully combined. Having just subdued Mexico, or to speak more correctly, having just got some six or seven thousand men into the city of that name, and about as many more in certain other cities and positions of that remote and difficult country, the fellow citizens of Washington and Franklin recur with increased zest to their republican speculations, and gravely predict the downfall of Old England and her various usurpations. Reserving for themselves all their hopes, they give us the benefit of their fears. There are a good many proverbs, domestic, sacred, and profane, which admonish the prudent to look at home, to cherish their own glass-eyes, and to direct into their own doings, a little of that sharp sightedness which we are too apt to think intended for the instruction and correction of our neighbors. Whether these proverbs are still remembered in the United States among the very excellent U. S. d. maxims of Poor Richard, it is not in our power to say, but we apprehend that in the long run it will be found that such maxims have not lost by time, or by the passage across the Atlantic, any of that truth which they certainly possessed in the days of our forefathers.

If the rest of the world is admitted to decide, there is, after all, a very strong family likeness between brother Jonathan and John Bull. We are both fond of money and fond of power; we both claim imperial attributes without very much caring whether our pretensions are entirely palatable to the rest of the world. We both consider ourselves fully entitled to elbow our way through the great crowd of nations wherever an opening, or a yielding soft of this may happily be found. We both moralize very abstractedly, except when some particular interest suggests the necessity of practical views.

We both speak ourselves to property as if we had the secret of its confinement. Once a year, at least, we both 'take stock,' and get up a satisfactory account of our national affairs. We both are apt to presume on a trifling reduction of wealth, or of power to make a plunge into the future without looking before we leap, or counting the cost. Yankees and Britishers are much the same for all this. We laugh at them, and they laugh at us. Both, however, will do well to bear in mind this obvious family resemblance. Monkeys are disgusting because they are only too like the human kind. What ever the Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Americans find to reproach in one another, it may do them good to remember that there is something very like it in themselves.

FRANCE. An important decree, issued by the Pope, has effected a radical and complete political revolution in the States of the Church. This decree, the leading points of which are comprised in the following extract, has given great satisfaction:

'The administration of the see is to consist of nine departments, namely, foreign affairs, interior, public instruction, grace and justice, finance, commerce, fine arts, manufactures and agriculture, public works, and police. The chiefs of these departments are to compose the council of ministers. State affairs are not to be brought before that council until the deputies shall have examined them, and given their opinion. The affairs of the state are not to be admitted to the council until they shall have been discussed in the council of ministers. The latter are to appoint all public functionaries. The Pope reserves to himself the nomination of the cardinals, nuncios, &c. The secretary of state is to be a cardinal, &c. His deputy a prelate; other ministers may be indifferently clergymen or laymen.'

The advice from other parts of this country are far from being of a peaceful character. The States of the Church alone seem to be free from the discontent generally prevalent.

At Milan, on the 23d of January, following the example of the Americans, who refused to purchase the tea sold by the English previous to the revolution, the patriots of Lombardy had resolved to abstain from smoking in order to reduce the revenue of the treasury. The resolution was acted upon by the greater portion of the people, and those found smoking cigars or pipes in the street were severely landed. On the night of the 23d, however, a sanguinary at-

tack was made on the inhabitants by the soldiers, armed with bayonets and sabres, and a great number were killed and wounded. Among the killed was Mangani, an aged counselor of state. The city was under the reign of terror—shops and warehouses closed, streets and squares swept by squadrons of dragons and divisions of infantry.

Affairs at Naples were beginning to assume a critical appearance. A petition for reform from the city of Palermo, with ten thousand signatures had been sent to the king of Naples, who haughtily refused to receive it. On the news of this arriving at Palermo, the population went in tumultuous procession to the Monte Pellegrino, and took an oath to take arms and die in defence of their political rights if the king persisted in refusing their just demands.

The entry of the Austrian troops into Modena and the Duchy of Parma, had created a great degree of exasperation amongst the Italian population. Serious events were not unattainably expected to take place, and attract the attention of the great powers, principally concerning the Duchy of Parma, the succession to which is disputed. The people are in favor of Prince Alexander de Goyezaga, who adheres frankly to the reforms inaugurated by Pius IX. Under his government they would progress more wisely and more expeditiously towards the policy of Pius IX, which is the policy most suited to the Italian States, than towards that of Austria, whose weight is difficult to bear.

In Turin some important reforms had taken place, at the instigation of the people. In Lombardy, also, a measure had been adopted, which would probably lead to reform.

GREECE. The difficulty between this country and Greece has been amicably settled, the Cabinet of Athens having made the apologies and reparations demanded by the Porte.

INDIA AND CHINA. The intelligence from India indicates that the natives are not yet entirely brought under the British yoke. In the Gansoor jungles, some disturbances had taken place, but not of a serious character. The intelligence from China is of the most pacific character. Accounts are given of a much better state of feeling at Canton, the factory residents having in a number of instances, perambulated the city and even gone out side of the walls without molestation. Trade had also somewhat improved.

From the N. O. Picayune, 25th inst.

#### THE NEWS FROM MEXICO.

The U. S. steamship Edith, Captain Culland, arrived last evening from Vera Cruz, which place she left on the 20th inst. By her we have received our letters and files from the city of Mexico in the 10th instant, and from Vera Cruz to the date of the sailing. The most important feature of the intelligence by this arrival relates to the rumors of peace and an attempted insurrection in the city of Mexico.

Col. Withers' command, about which our last articles had some anxiety on the public mind, arrived safely at Rod del Monte.

A detachment under Col. Wynkoop, captured Gen. Valencia and his aid, and Col. Arista, at the hacienda of the former, Tepic, on the 1st inst. Col. Wynkoop was in pursuit of Valencia and Arista at the time. These escaped him a few hours only. Gen. Valencia and Col. Arista were released on parole.

Cols. Torrijon, Manos, and Gamad, were shortly afterwards captured at Amameca, near Puebla, by Paulino, captain of the Mexican 12th company in the service of the U. S. States.

Gen. Calles' command, consisting of the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 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ed to pass a road in the vicinity, and observing that there was something serious about, immediately went to see what it was, when he found one of the men belonging to company II, of the 1st Pennsylvania volunteers, dying from wounds inflicted with a knife, and one or two others slightly hurt. He then sent to camp for assistance—Upon the arrival of the messenger, some of the Texan Rangers, who were already mounted, set out at full run for the scene of the disturbance, and arrived before the main body of the assassins had time to escape. The revolvers of the rangers soon settled the difficulty. It is useless to say that no formal ceremonies were gone through in chastising the Mexicans for their unprovoked assault. Gen. Canby reports four Mexicans killed. One of the rangers told me he saw between 30 and 40 'dead cretches.'

Yesterday, a small party of Col. C. F. Smith's public guard of the city was fired on by a band of robbers of guerrillas occupying a house in the suburbs of the city. Not deeming their force sufficient to assault the house, they took a position that would prevent escape, and sent for a reinforcement. The doors were then forced, and all its inmates captured except one, who jumped out of the window, mounted a horse, and dashed off at full speed. As he started off, he drew a pistol and fired it back in the crowd, without, however, injuring any one. There was one of Jack Hay's rangers standing close by apparently a silent spectator of the whole affair; but as soon as the Mexican fired his pistol, he drew his revolver, remarking, 'Ah, ah, my lady, key, that's a game that two can play at!' and at the crack of the pistol, down came the Mexican. The Texan then mounted his own horse, and after running four or five hundred yards, felled the horse and returned with him, saying to the officer present, 'Well, captain, as I knocked the centre out of that fellow, I s'pose I'm entitled to his pony.' The officer replied in the affirmative, and the Texan rode off as cool as though it was an every-day business with him. The Mexicans who were taken in the house were sent off to the guard house, will be tried by a military commission.

The North American of this morning has a letter from a gentleman in Col Withers' command, dated at Puebla, Jan. 4.—Our command did not move till late on the day of starting; consequently we did proceed farther than Guadalupe—the famous shrine where Our Lady appeared to the Indian. Farther on we came to the town of Tlaxcala, where the alcalde and other principal men came out to surrender of the place, offering to furnish every thing in their power for our comfort. The churches and principal buildings were covered with white flags. In this and all other towns we found that few people—all had fled to the hills and stood gazing after us until we were lost to the sight. They had heard terrible accounts of the Yankees, and expected to be harshly treated. That night we stopped at the hacienda of Don Pedro de Terres. Conde del Jaral, the present character I have met in Mexico. Last night five men disappeared. Don Pedro is about five feet four, so fat that it is impossible for him to ride, I should think, but with all his girths he is said to be a commander of guerrillas, which I doubt. However he sent out a man to meet us, invited us to his hacienda, and offered us every thing he had. On arriving at his splendid mansion the doors were thrown open to us, and all we desired, quarters, provisions, baggage, wood, &c., were freely given out and without charge, though the colonel offered to pay him. He declared that Col. Withers was the most gentlemanly man he ever met, and that Lieut. Col. Clement was the next. In fact he covered us all with compliments, and gave us a fine supper.

After we reached Puebla we heard that some hostile Indians had gathered about fifty men, and declared he would whip us; however this was, he did just the reverse, as you see. He got over this in Puebla by telling the people that instead of being the barbarians we were called, we were the greatest gentlemen he had ever met. Praise the bridge that carries you safe over.

On the third day we started, after Don Pedro had given us a magnificent breakfast, he going an hour ahead to pacify the people and tell them that the stories they had heard about us were false—and he certainly had allayed their fears very much. We reached this place early in the day. It is a small village with one principal street, very lonely at first, as nearly all the people had left. It seems they went away partly to get rid of paying taxes, but Col. Withers found an order that he would tax the property whether the people were there or not, and this brought them back again, so that now a majority have returned. There are a number of English families here, but none at Mineral del Monte about four miles distant. Col. Withers occupies the treasury, and the other officers the house of Don Pedro. We are all in good health.

A Piece of the Daily Herald is a paragraph. On this 27th day of January, 1848, and in this country, the city of Norwich, is living on an aged gentleman, the proprietor of five generations, all now living. He was born on Sunday—his wife was born on Sunday—and his eldest child on Sunday; and he had a child born on every day of the week, commencing on Sunday morning and ending on Saturday night. All the first born of the five generations were born on Sunday—all are males, and all bear the same name, and all are now living. Of these, the last born is the son of the fourth.

To the same import, also, was the noble language of Col. Jefferson Davis, one of the bravest of the brave, in the Senate. He declared that Mexico continually looked to divisions at home as likely to produce a real of the army



We find the following unique production at the close of the first Volume of Probate Records ever kept in this County. Its peculiar style will no doubt betray its author to many of our readers acquainted with him. He was the first Register of Probate for Oxford County. We copy it for the amusement of our readers, and should any of them preserve the Democrat till 1809, some one may re-copy it as a centennial relic.

"He it known to all Critics, Cavillers, and Quibblers, that the foregoing Records are executed in high style, considering the lean, pitiful compensation made to the Register, whose fees will not enable him administrator to defray the expense of brushing over his Pine Box with Vaseline and Lamp Black!!

"Noted, this 9th day of June, A. D. 1809.—The immense improvements of the Territory now called 'Oxford County,' may be easily anticipated in the perspective of the ensuing Century—but the good people of 1809 must be somewhat puzzled to imagine, with any degree of correctness, the mixed and contrasting state of our little world at the present period. The above unlucky blot\* is truly indicative of the Jacobin, Democratic aspect of Oxford at the present day.—Worthy Citizens, (alms subjects) of 1809! you will undoubtedly deem it incredible, that in 1809, it was impossible to get a chaise thro' Lovell to Waterford; that the way was scarcely passable for a single horse; and that in passing from Fryburg Academy to Paris Meeting-house, we are obliged to travel about forty miles; and in our course to travel about two miles northwesterly of Waterford Meeting-house; (now a little westerly of the Pond by Longley's Common) that we then get over to the northern extremity of what is now called 'Norway Ridge,' at 'Enlora's Corner,' so called; we then travel southerly over Norway Ridge and down to 'Norway Village,' at the outlet of the Pond; thence to Stowell's Mills; thence we turn to the north, and gallop with all possible speed up to Paris Meeting-house, which we are obliged to occupy to prove the 'Sovereign People' guilty of all manner of abominations; and in this Sanctum Eccelestiasticum, it is adjudged, that their bodies be scourged for the edification of their souls!!!!

\*A large blot at the head of the page, accidentally made by spilling ink.

REPRESENTATIVE ELECTED. At the last trial in Livermore, James Chase, Abolitionist, was elected Representative to the next Legislature.

The House now stands 101 Democrats, 45 Federalists. Five districts not having made a choice.

The intrepid Cobden, the British free trader, gives the Tories of England great trouble. The London Herald keeps up its stream of vile abuse of him, and thus testifies to his importance. Cobden's work is not half done yet, unless like Burke and Brougham and numbers of British popular advocates, he allows the bubble of a pension or a peerage to swallow up his patriotism.

It is almost incredible that Rev. Mr. Kendall, who has \$400 salary in Verona, N. Y., has refused a call from the Spring St. city Church, with a salary of \$1800; and yet story is being circulated by all the papers without contradiction or doubt of its truth from any.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier establishment was put up for sale at auction one week ago last Friday. The auctioneer proposed to start at \$100,000, nobody responding, he came down to \$15,000, at which an offer was made. After dwelling for some time upon this one bid, the property was struck off to the bidder, Mr. McKim, one of the former proprietors. The property was valued on the appraisal, a few months since, at \$60,000.

It is stated that Gen. Scott preferred no charges against Gen. Worth, but merely reported him as under arrest for contemptuous language, and that as it was not proposed to bring him to trial, the department could do otherwise than order his release.

GEN. SCOTT.—It is ascertained beyond a doubt, the Washington Whig says, that Gen. Scott has been recalled at his own request, and he will return immediately after the adjournment of the Court of Inquiry.

The richest man in St. Thomas, one of the principal ports in the West Indies, is a negro as black as ebony. He is said to be worth not less than three millions of dollars, and has acquired his wealth by trafficking in his own color.

"Madam" said a snarling son of Eschaplus, "if women were admitted into paradise their tongues would make it a purgatory." "And some physicians, if allowed to practice there," retorted the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

While British philanthropists are bellowing about American Slavery, there are those in their own country so poor that they kill their own children to obtain the burial fees, as that is all that stands between them and starvation.

The editor of the New York Mirror calls a ticket with Clay on it for President, and Taylor for Vice President, a kangaroo ticket—all its strength being in its hind legs.

If you cannot be a true Christian, then be a man of the world. Do not assume the garb of a religious man, unless you can be a genuine one.

Why was the capture of the city of Mexico like the novel 'Ivanhoe'? Because it was Scott's best work.

#### THE LINE POLICY.

We had the pleasure of meeting an intelligent officer to-day, from the army, who seemed thoroughly acquainted with the Mexican character and views. He contended that our true policy was to prosecute the war with energy—to make it bear down upon the people, that it might feel its effects—in a word, that we must conquer as much as we could command with all the means in our power, and then, with the aid of what we might possess, to compel the Mexicans to grant us an honorable peace and a fair indemnity.—He argued with great force that we ought not to confine ourselves to a defensive line, but that we ought to conquer capital after capital, and State after State; and when we have brought this miserable race to feel the full calamities of the war, and compelled them to make peace, we might abandon every thing that was not comprehended in the indemnity line.

The country cannot have forgotten the eloquent letter which Gen. Quitman addressed to a senator of the United States upon the best mode of terminating the war, in which he contended that we should never surrender the capital, or the road to Vera Cruz, before we had made a treaty of peace; that if we abandoned the city, which had such a controlling influence over all Mexico, the military officers would again flock to it, and there reunite and reorganize their forces, and pour back the tide of war upon us; or, if they could not agree together, but fall into new dissensions, that some foreign power might be invited, and induced to step in to adjust their differences and dictate laws to the whole of Mexico. Such were the views of one of the most experienced and accomplished of our officers.

Any defensive line—much less one which excludes the possession of the capital and the intermediate country to the coast, and Vera Cruz and the castle—does not appear to be the true policy for us to pursue. It meets neither with the general approbation of the gentlemen of the army nor of the citizens at home.—Union.

The New York correspondent of the Washington Union says.—The good feeling between the Clay and Taylor sections of the whig party increases daily. A prominent and well known Clay man yesterday, in my hearing, and in that of some well known Taylor men, denounced the whole movement in the bitter terms, as sustained solely by a knot of "genteel old gamblers and rouses," who have their headquarters at the Union Club, Broadway; and by the off-soundings and dogs deposited by the subsiding puddle of Nativism.

TEXAS A FREE STATE. A highly intelligent correspondent of the Christian Watchman, writing from Washington, thus speaks of the prospect of Texas soon becoming a free State:—"I have good reason to believe that Texas is to become a free State at no distant day! This comes to me from a gentleman of Texas, in whose means of knowing, and ability to form just opinions, I have great confidence. He says that the Germans now coming by ship-loads, and settling under the supervision of the agents of their princes and nobles, who have obtained large tracts of land, are, to a man, opposed to slavery, and this has already been manifested in their local elections, and indeed, that Governor Houston was compelled, by the force of popular opinion, to divest himself of his slaves, in order to secure his re-election to the U. S. Senate.

The Governor of New Hampshire has pardoned Zebulon Paine, of Conway, from the State Prison, to which he was sentenced in 1846, for eight years, for having set fire to a barn. He was convicted on the testimony of a boy who was admitted as State's evidence. It now appears, by a confession of the boy, that he was the guilty one, and that Mr. Paine was wholly innocent.

A gentleman meeting one of his friends who was insolvent, expressed great concern for his embarrassment. "You are mistaken, my dear sir," was the reply, "it is not I, it is my creditors who are embarrassed."

When the question was agitated in London, which would be the safest place to put Napoleon, so that he could not get out, a gentleman who had a long suit pending, advised ministers to put him in a court of chancery.

A gentleman walking through the streets of Mexico, saw a soldier sitting on the steps of a portico gambling with dice. Do you know it is wrong to rattle the bones? said he. How can I help it, replied the man, I'm one of the skeleton regiment.

FATAL ACCIDENT. Mr. Ezekiah Walker, a resident of Peru, Oxford county, Me. (formerly of Falmouth) went to his barn on the evening of the 20th ult. to feed his cattle. While in the haymow he made a mis-step, and fell to the lower floor, striking on the back of his head, fracturing his skull and killing him instantly.—He was a man held in high esteem for his amiable character, and was one of the leading men of Peru. He was between 60 and 70 years of age.

The President of the United States has signed the act making further provisions for surviving widows of soldiers of the Revolution.

The Postmaster General estimates the number of free letters that pass through the Post Offices of the United States at about five millions every year.

The Northern Advocate states that the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, during the last year, have decreased nearly 24,000.

QUICKSILVER—silver that goes quick—out of a man's pocket.

#### DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.

The greatest depth to which the ocean has been penetrated is 4,000 fathoms, or 27,000 feet (about five miles and a quarter); no bottom was obtained. This was the result of an experiment by Capt. Ross, in lat. 15 S. and 23 W. longitude.—Several experiments have been made at other points, and some with success; bottom being obtained in apparent mid-ocean in between 12,000 and 18,000 feet (from two miles and nearly a third, to about three and two-thirds). The ocean has been penetrated in too few places to afford any satisfactory or decisive results upon so interesting a subject; and, considering the vast space of our globe occupied by the great ocean, it cannot but strike every one what a wide field is open for investigation and experiment, and how many interesting geological results may be elicited and are connected with these experiments. Sufficient facts have been developed to prove that the inequalities of the level of the ocean's bed are much more remarkable than those of the land.

The Virginia House of Delegates has passed resolutions unanimously voting a gold medal, with a suitable inscription, to Major Gen. Winfield Scott, for his recent services in Mexico.

The Augusta Farmer says.—Judge Rice commenced his official duties at the sitting of the District Court in Belfast, on Tuesday.

The amount of specie imported and entered at the Custom House at this port during the week ending Feb. 5, was \$17,675. The amount exported during the week was \$2,059. [Boston Traveller.

Matrimonial Felicity. My love, says Mrs. Fizzle to her husband, "oblige me with twenty dollars to-day to purchase a new dress."

"Shant do you such things, Agnes—you called me a bear yesterday."

"Law, love, that was nothing—I meant by it you were very fond of hugging."

"You're a saucy little puss (sound heard like the explosion of a pistol), but here's a fifty."

Precious but Fragile. The two most precious things on this side the grave are reputation and life. Yet it is to be regretted that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weapon of the other.

Sudden Changes.—There is nothing more trying to the human constitution than the sudden changes of weather. Heat rarifies the blood, and increases the perspiration; but when suddenly checked, those humors which should pass off by the skin are thrown off inwardly, causing coughs, colds, consumption, difficulty of breathing, watery and inflamed eyes, sore throat, and many other complaints.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a delightful medicine for curing all of those humors which are the cause of the above complaints. Four or five of said Indian Vegetable Pills taken every night on going to bed will in a few days, carry off the most obstinate cold; at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and new life and vigor will be given to the whole frame.

Beware of counterfeits of all kinds! Some are coated with sugar; others are made to resemble in outward appearance the original medicine. The safest course is to purchase from the regular agents only, one or more of whom may be found in every village and town in the State.

The genuine for sale by CHAS. H. CROCKEN, Paris Hill; Charles Durall, Oxford; Joseph H. Wardwell, Bangor; J. Blake & Co., Bangor; Kimball & Crocker, Bethel; J. Colledge, Livermore; Liram Himes, Hartford; Caleb Besse, Westbrook; and J. Howe, Norway. New England Office, 138 Tremont Street, Boston.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY IN THE OLD DOMINION. We extract an article from the NEW ERA, published at Portsmouth, Va., and edited by A. F. Cunningham, Esq. He speaks of himself, and here is the extract.—(Dec. 21, 1846.)

We have been, for some days, suffering under severe inflammation of the lungs, produced by cold, and irritated by speaking in public so that throughout Saturday night, Sunday, Monday, till Tuesday, the symptoms of the disease seemed to increase, and the suffering was intense, without the least appetite for food. The cough was dry and hard, causing the most acute pains in the head and back. We had fairly given up all hope of relief, and when we thought of this balsam, and we went round to our friend, HEINZ, the agent for a bottle. We took the first dose according to directions, and almost instantly felt a glow of healthy warmth through the system—this was two o'clock—active we took another dose, at nine another, and we soon after detected a perceptible relief in the frequency of the spasms and violent pains that had before attended them. At length, in the morning, we took another dose, and the phlegm, though tough, yellow and ropy, was expectorated from the lungs with comparative ease. We feel grateful for the relief afforded, and recommend a trial of it by all who are suffering as we suffered. We have deemed it due to the medicine, and to humanity, to give this unsought testimonial to the virtue of the Balsam, in our case."

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and Angel Field, South Paris; and by Druggists and Agents generally.

CAUTION.—The public are particularly cautioned against purchasing imitation articles, pretending to have the same effect as Brown's Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters. Never buy the Sarsaparilla and Dandelion Panacea, Kitcher's Tomato Bitters, nor Extract of Sarsaparilla, Tomato, and Dandelion, or any other preparation with the expectation of getting the genuine Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters. These Bitters are the first preparation of the kind that was ever sold, and they are the only genuine article of the kind now in the market. Always see that the direction is signed Frederick Brown, in his own handwriting. Who ever heard of a man's counterfeiting a bad bank note? Just so false with medicine: they counterfeit that which sells.

For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and Angel Field, South Paris; also by Druggists and Agents generally.

#### MARRIAGES.

In Portland, 30th ult., by Rev. Eaton Shaw, Mr. Henry S. Small, to Miss Hannah M. Poole, both of Norway.

#### DEATHS.

In this town, 2d inst., Mrs. Jane, wife of Mr. Hamden Marshall, aged 28.

In Bethel, 6th inst., Mrs. Sarah F. Albee, aged 43.

In Errol, N. H., 20th ult., Squire Stone, 24.

#### CHEAPER AND CHEAPER!

DRY GOODS FROM THE NEW YORK AUCTIONS!

WE have this day received a good assortment of Dry Goods, Carpets, Feathers, MATTRESSES, Oil Carpentings, &c., and having some VERY GREAT BARGAINS,

we wish all who want any of the above named goods to call before the best are sold. We mention a few prices, which of course are but a Small Advance from Cost, therefore, those purchasing FOR CASH will get more than can be obtained elsewhere for the same money.

Rich French Ginghams, 12, worth 25 cents. Very beautiful do. 12-1/2, worth 20 cents. Colchoco Prints, best quality, 10, worth 12-1/2 cents. Prints for comforters, 4, worth 7 cents. English Patchos, 5-1/4, worth 12-1/2 cents. Scotch Diapers, 6d, worth 12-1/2 cents. Black Alpaca, 30, worth 45 cents. Drab do, 12-1/2, worth 35 cents. 4-4 Bleached Shirtings, 10, worth 17 cents. Light Cambric, 10, worth 12-1/2 cents. Colored Cambrics, 6-1/2, worth 10 cents. The above goods were bought for cash, and at ruinous prices for those of whom we purchased, therefore, call on us if you want GREAT BARGAINS. SMITH & ROBINSON, 90 and 92 Middle Street, Portland, Feb. 8, 1848. 6W41

Gould's Academy in Bethel. THE SPRING TERM will commence on the SECOND WEDNESDAY IN MARCH, under the care of N. J. TRUE, A. M., whose experience and good success in Teaching recommend him to the confidence of the public. Instruction will be given in all the branches usually taught in Academies. Lectures will be given on the various branches of Natural Science, illustrated by experiments. BOARD, in Families, at \$1, to \$1.50 per week. Tuition, for the Term of eleven weeks, \$3. For further particulars application may be made to WM. FRYE, Sec., Bethel, Feb. 1st, 1848. 4W49

Norway Liberal Institute. THE FIRST TERM will commence on MONDAY, the TWENTY-FIRST day of February next, and continue TWELVE weeks. TUITION.

Common English branches, \$3.00. Higher do do do, 4.00. Languages, " " " 4.00. Instructions given in Music, Drawing and Painting, and Penmanship, for which extra charges will be made. BOARD, for ladies \$1.25; for gentlemen 1.50. Suitable Assistants will be employed if the interest of the School so require. BENEDICT P. HINDS, Principal. JACOB W. BROWN, Vice Principal. Norway, Feb. 1st, 1848. 4W39

PROBATE NOTICES. THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the estate of

DAVID WARREN, late of Hartford, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bonds in the law directs—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

SAAG HEATH, Guardian of JAMES S. HEATH, and other minor heirs, late of ALEXANDER HEATH, late of Sumner in said County, deceased, having presented his final account of his Guardianship of said minors.—

It was Ordered, that the said Guardian give notice to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat, printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris, in said County, on the first Tuesday of March next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

A true Copy.—Attest: GEO. K. SHAW, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the fourth day of January, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-eight.

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#### The Greatest Inducements EVER YET OFFERED IN BOSTON.

#### Great Sale Continued!!

Account of STOCK TAKEN! OVER \$100,000 WORTH OF CLOTHING TO BE SOLD AND CLOSED UP IMMEDIATELY

#### "OAK HALL!"

PRICES OF CLOTHING MARKED DOWN TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT.

In consequence of the very MILD WEATHER of the season, thus far, and the GREAT QUANTITIES OF GARMENTS made up by the undersigned at this Fall for

Winter Wear, It has become necessary that his immense Stock of GENTLEMEN'S WINTER CLOTHING

AND FURNISHING MATERIALS SHOULD BE Closed up Immediately!

THE FOLLOWING Extraordinary Inducements Are therefore offered to the PUBLIC. Read this and call at

#### OAK HALL!

This will pay to take a trip to BOSTON. The Sales will continue until every article is sold!

Every article of the Enormous Stock of GEORGE W. SIMMONS' OAK HALL!

WILL BE MARKED DOWN TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. BELOW HIGHEST PRICES NOW CURRENT AT THIS

#### Great Clothing Mart!

This Stock embraces the most Extensive Assortment of GENTLEMEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING!

Ever collected together in any One Establishment in this or any other country.

THICK CLOTHING! AT AN ENORMOUS DISCOUNT

Will know where to call—for these Goods MUST BE DISPOSED OF! as I have determined, whatever may be the SACRIFICE, that the THIS GREAT STOCK of Heavy Winter Clothing, Now on hand in my Establishment, SHALL BE SOLD!

#### EXAMINE

The following Low Prices, REDUCED ONE-FOURTH, And bring this Advertisement with you—

BELOW IS THE LIST.

300 Blue Flirt Overcoats, velvet collars, at \$5, 8, 10, 12, 15, 20, 25, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, 70, 75, 80, 85, 90, 95, 100, 110, 120, 130, 140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000, 1010, 1020, 1030, 1040, 1050, 1060, 1070, 1080, 1090, 1100, 1110, 1120, 1130, 1140, 1150, 1160, 1170, 1180, 1190, 1200, 1210, 1220, 1230, 1240, 1250, 1260, 1270, 1280, 1290, 1300, 1310, 1320, 1330, 1340, 1350, 1360, 1370, 1380, 1390, 1400, 1410, 1420, 1430, 1440, 1450, 1460, 1470, 1480, 1490, 1500, 1510, 1520, 1530, 1540, 1550, 1560, 1570, 1580, 1590, 1600, 1610, 1620, 1630, 1640, 1650, 1660, 1670, 1680, 1690, 1700, 1710, 1720, 1730, 1740, 1750, 1760, 1770, 1780, 1790, 1800, 1810, 1820, 1830, 1840, 1850, 1860, 1870, 1880, 1890, 1900, 1910, 1920, 1930, 1940, 1950, 1960, 1970, 1980, 1990, 2000, 2010, 2020, 2030, 2040, 2050, 2060, 2070, 2080, 2090, 2100, 2110, 2120, 2130, 2140, 2150, 2160, 2170, 2180, 2190, 2200, 2210, 2220, 2230, 2240, 2250, 2260, 2270, 2280, 2290, 2300, 2310, 2320, 2330, 2340, 2350, 2360, 2370, 2380, 2390, 2400, 2410, 2420, 2430, 2440, 2450, 2460, 2470, 2480, 2490, 2500, 2510, 2520, 2530, 2540, 2550, 2560, 2570, 2580, 2590, 2600, 2610, 2620, 2630, 2640, 2650, 2660, 2670, 2680, 2690, 2700, 2710, 2720, 2730, 2740, 2750, 2760, 2770, 2780, 2790, 2800, 2810, 2820, 2830, 2840, 2850, 2860, 2870, 2880, 2890, 2900, 2910, 2920, 2930, 2940, 2950, 2960, 2970, 2980, 2990, 3000, 3010, 3020, 3030, 3040, 3050, 3060, 3070, 3080, 3090, 3100, 3110, 3120, 3130, 3140, 3150, 3160, 3170, 3180, 3190, 3200, 3210, 3220, 3230, 3240, 3250, 3260, 3270, 3280, 3290, 3300, 3310, 3320, 3330, 3340, 3350, 3360, 3370, 3380, 3390, 3400, 3410, 3420, 3430, 3440, 3450, 3460, 3470, 3480, 3490, 3500, 3510, 3520, 3530, 3540, 3550, 3560, 3570, 3580, 3590, 3600, 3610, 3620, 3630, 3640, 3650, 3660, 3670, 3680, 3690, 3700, 3710, 3720, 3730, 3740, 3750, 3760, 3770, 3780, 3790, 3800, 3810, 3820, 3830, 3840, 3850, 3860, 3870, 3880, 3890, 3900, 3910, 3920, 3930, 3940, 3950, 3960, 3970, 3980, 3990, 4000, 4010, 4020, 4030, 4040, 4050, 4060, 4070, 4080, 4090, 4100, 4110, 4120, 4130, 4140, 4150, 4160, 4170, 4180, 4190, 4200, 4210, 4220, 4230, 4240, 4250, 4260, 4270, 4280, 4290, 4300, 4310, 4320, 4330, 4340, 4350, 4360, 4370, 4380, 4390, 4400, 4410, 4420, 4430, 4440, 4450, 4460, 4470, 4480, 4490, 4500, 4510, 4520, 4530, 4540, 4550, 4560, 4570, 4580, 4590, 4600, 4610, 4620, 4630, 4640, 4650, 4660, 4670, 4680, 4690, 4700, 4710, 4720, 4730, 4740, 4750, 4760, 4770, 4780, 4790, 4800, 4810, 4820, 4830, 4840, 4850, 4860, 4870, 4880, 4890, 4900, 4910, 4920, 4930, 4940, 4950, 4960, 4970, 4980, 4990, 5000, 5010, 5020, 5030, 5040, 5050, 5060, 5070, 5080, 5090, 5100, 5110, 5120, 5130, 5140, 5150, 5160, 5170, 5180, 5190, 5200, 5210, 5220, 5230, 5240, 5250, 5260, 5270, 5280, 5290, 5300, 5310, 5320, 5330, 5340, 5350, 5360, 5370, 5380, 5390, 5400, 5410, 5420, 5430, 5440, 5450, 5460, 5470, 5480, 5490, 5500, 5510, 5520, 5530, 5540, 5550, 5560, 5570, 5580, 5590, 5600, 5610, 5620, 5630, 5640, 5650, 5660, 5670, 5680, 5690, 5700, 5710, 5720, 5730, 5740, 5750, 5760, 5770, 5780, 5790, 5800, 5810, 5820, 5830, 5840, 5850, 5860, 5870, 5880, 5890, 5900, 5910, 5920, 5930, 5940, 5950, 5960, 5970, 5



